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Week by Week

Independence of Indonesia

IF THE AGREEMENT just concluded at the Hague is ratified by the Dutch Parliament as expected, it will be a spectacular achievement. Since the war ended four years ago, the Indonesian nationalists have engaged in armed combat, fighting with the British, who tried to hold the line for a fellow-empire, and then twice with the Dutch themselves. Now they are on the threshhold of terminating three and a half centuries of subject status and of striking out for themselves as a partner of Holland with an autonomy as extensive as the Dominion of Canada's.

How did such a change come about? No doubt the Dutch came to realize how determined the Indonesians were. Resistance to their two postwar attempts at "police action" made that plain. The obstacles to maintaining their rule against the will of the vast majority seemed too formidable. The Dutch were also influenced by adverse world opinion and the subsequent persuasiveness of the special United Nations commission. American public opinion, our diplomatic activities and our stoppage of ECA shipments to Indonesia after the second Dutch armed attack all played a part.

Apparently there was only one question at issue which engendered resentful feelings between the Dutch and Indonesian negotiators at the Hague: New Guinea. Observers were puzzled by the vehemence with which each side held to its position. They suspect that each was thinking primarily of the largely untapped natural resources of this vast equatorial expanse. A lesser consideration for the Dutch is the maintenance there of a possible haven for some 300,000 persons of "mixed blood," of Dutch-Indonesian descent, who may not want to live under native rule. At the conference table the Dutch spoke primarily of the backwardness of the island's inhabitants, while the Indonesians insisted that the whole area receive its economic and political autonomy.

The compromise that allows Holland to maintain its rule over western New Guinea for another year, postponing the decision, is displeasing to the Indonesians, but otherwise the agreement appears an amicable one. In the economic sphere the Indonesians have so free a hand that they are expected to manifest preference for Dutch goods. They will start out maintaining a certain parity between their currency and the Dutch guilder, but are in no sense obligated to keep it so. Trade agreements with European countries will be concluded jointly by Holland and Indonesia; elsewhere the latter is completely independent.

On the other hand the Indonesian Republic takes over from the Dutch authorities a debt of more than a billion dollars. It also respects all private investments and property rights in the islands. In Holland itself individual investors are indicating confidence in Indonesian securities.

The colonial problem and the race problem to which it is logically related comprise the two most fertile fields for Communist agitation. Moreover, the self-realization of native peoples has long been an American ideal. If then we can follow up our good offices which helped put through this agreement with the sort of Point Four help that will enable this productive and populous area to make a go of its first years of independence, Indonesia may well serve as a model.

An Atomic Truce

AT A MIDTOWN BAR the other evening we happened to overhear a lively discussion about the presidential possibilities for 1956. Opinions were flying back and forth across the table like a busy ping-pong ball when someone said calmly: "All this, of course, is really kind of silly because none of us will be around in 1956. We'll all be dead." Enthusiasm and argument then were both abruptly killed by this splash of hard-headed, atomic-age realism. Here, it seemed, was one point on which all could agree. A gloomy silence settled over the group like an angry cloud.

"Oh, let's go on anyway," a pretty young woman said finally, "even if it is only an academic question. We can't stop living now just because we're all going to be annihilated in a few years." So the group tried to take up where they left off. But the game was up; there was no heart in what followed.

There is, of course, no way of knowing for sure, but it does seem probable that the same kind of conversation might have been taking place at some mid-Moscow cafe at the same hour. And at cafes in Paris, London, Brussels, Rome, Prague, Bucharest and Berlin as well.

In a world where men and women sit around tables and calmly, even patiently predict their own violent destruction, it would seem that a plea like General Romulo's recent call for an "atomic truce" would be too obvious for comment.

General Romulo presides over a house divided against itself, a unity of nations whose outstanding public characteristic so far has been disunity. When he asks the two leading nations in that body to call a halt to further atom-warfare preparations and to agree not to use atomic bombs for a limited period, he is, it seems, doing the least, and at the same time the most that can be expected of a President of the United Nations Assembly. He is demanding what men and women all over the world would like to ask for if they were sure they wouldn't be misunderstood—a chance to stay alive. He is, in effect, making a plea for life in an atmosphere of death. And he

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• NEXT WEEK •

Only a few years ago, when the movies went about casting a detective role, they looked around for a judicious, cerebral type like Basil Rathbone. Now the choice is more likely to be a heavy-fisted, snarling mug who made his Hollywood reputation as a gangster. This is only one indication of a full-scale revolution in detective fiction, which NORBERT MUHLER describes in "The Thinker and the Tough Guy."

could be speaking for all the inarticulate masse who seem already to have accepted death as in evitable.

But so confused and mixed-up is the situatio that this simple proposal seems awkwardly, em barrassingly ingenuous. Even a sober, unemo tional voice like that of the New York *Times* dis missed Romulo's plea as a "well-meant but some what naïve proposal."

The facts are there, of course; the cruel, re lentless facts that must be faced. Russia refuse to accept adequate atomic-control inspections; th U. S. refuses to lag a single pace behind in th armament race unless it is absolutely sure that th Soviet, too, has dropped out of the running. Me and women throughout the world who, to put bluntly, would like to live, accept these as th cold facts. And they add up to the facts of deat for millions.

In this gloomy atmosphere, General Romulo proposal does sound childlike and naive, like new orphan pleading for life in a house of deatl Actually his proposal is no more than a timi echo of what would be the deafening demand people everywhere if somehow they found a si gle brave voice that could go beyond politics ar ideologies.

"Existing Vested Rights"

AT SALT LAKE CITY recently the N tional Reclamation Association produc one more explanation why the Unit States has not followed up its extraordinary su cess with the Tennessee Valley Authority. Tl Reclamation Association was founded by weste irrigators in order to promote reclamation pr ects in their region; when water power becar more of a factor in such projects, the associati generously opened its doors to public utilities a allied industries.

The Water Users' Committee of the Assoc tion has proposed an alternative to the valley thority program which met with considerable proval at Salt Lake. In the name of "sta rights" and the protection of existing "veste water rights, it suggested the creation of a ser of regional commissions which would report nually to Congress and utilize all pertinent exi ing federal and state bureaus in its investigatic and operations. The way the Reclamation Bure and the Army Engineers have fought and co promised, and for the moment agreed, ab inadequate programs for the Missouri Ri shows what one might expect from such a mu lateral approach.

Meanwhile the TVA, in its sixteenth year, c tinues to pile up an enviable record. Its ann malaria survey, for instance, has just disclo that active malaria has been eradicated in the gion thanks to the collaboration of TVA with st and county health authorities. Eugene Black, p

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ident of the World Bank, recently noted that in applications for loans from Africa, South America and Asia the name of "TVA is constantly cropping up." That this nation has refused to make further use of the knowledge and experience gained in the Tennessee Valley over a decade and a half can be explained only by the juxtaposition of vigorously defended vested rights and public lethargy.

Dismantling

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' gathering in Paris brings reconsideration of German industrial dismantling. The British, who have been the most active of dismantlers, are now apparently of the opinion that the program cannot be continued.

France presents the greatest difficulty, with the new cabinet facing a parliamentary debate on Germany. If the Foreign Ministers decide to stop the program it is quite possible that the new French government will fall. The efforts of Robert Schuman to moderate the traditional French position are not thought to be supported by either French public opinion or the majority of Foreign Office officials. The French still fear German power.

Continued dismantling, however, is embarassingly out of step with United States and British efforts to make the West German Republic sufficiently healthy and independent to stand against the new East State. The Germans themselves are not unaware of the advantages of their position. Reports from Bonn say that German politicians think the West will find it "wise and expedient" to strengthen the Republic. For the Western Republic to show the German people an end to dismantling as a result of their negotiation would be invigorating indeed. With this aim the Bonn government has given the High Commissioners a memorandum of its views on such questions as dismantling, increased sovereignty, and participation in the International Authority for the Ruhr. One of the High Commissioners described the memorandum as "reasonable and constructive."

Continued dismantling does not advance the time when the Western Republic will become a strong and democratic state, a member of the Western Union. One can hope that with French sympathy towards the new Bonn proposal for dismantling non-working factories only, the Ministers will be able to agree that Germany's incorporation into the integrated Western Economy Washington is demanding, added to the political authority the West retains, make the threat of Germany one of those calculated risks which must be taken for political health in Bonn, and economic health in the entire West.

A Loaded Question

PRIOR to, and including last election day, the people of Virginia, before they could vote, had to pay a poll tax. This is the way the Byrd machine, which pretty much has Virginia where it wants her, has kept the size of the voting electorate down to that select number of patriots who could be relied upon to insure its continuity of tenure and color line.

But the poll tax is rapidly passing out of fashion in the South and the Byrd Democrats therefore decided to put it up to the voters, last election day, whether or not they wanted it any more in Virginia. They offered the voters a constitutional amendment, drawn up by a bi-partisan commission, which would repeal the poll tax and substitute for it a well-known dodge, the literacy test, and "such other requirements" as the General Assembly might prescribe.

It took no great wisdom to see that this amendment gave the voters about the same chance to get rid of the poll tax, or its equivalent, as there is of winning a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose toss of the coin. As a result, some Virginians who vigorously oppose the poll tax actually had to vote against the repeal amendment and its "such other requirements" phrase.

The politicians may have done a nice job of tying the voter's mind in knots, but it remains to be seen if Virginia can escape the pressure being put on the Southern states, through the threat of Federal civil rights legislation, to abolish the poll tax. Some Southern states have gone after reform on their own, rather than bring on any more of this pressure. Virginia's amendment would, of course, at least *look* good. But it was really so far from reform that no one felt, whether it passed or failed, that Virginia would have legislated a genuine civil rights extension.

Mr. Lehman's Election

THE election of Herbert Lehman as Democratic Senator from New York was a popularity test and victory for President Truman's Fair Deal program, which Mr. Lehman supports. As a result of the election, there is certainly no sign that the Republicans will arrest the Fair Deal in 1950 or '52.

The least encouraging thing about this election was the injection into the campaign of the charge of bigotry against Mr. Dulles. Both Mr. Lehman and Mr. Dulles have records of public service that do not merit this kind of reckless campaign tactics. It must be regretted that the issue was allowed to come up at all between men of this caliber, since the effect of it is to implant ill-will in men who, we have a right to think, are above so serious a prejudice.

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The Congress Party in India

Prime Minister Nehru's center party keeps India from going to the extreme right or left

Jerome D'Souza

THOSE who are in touch with recent political events in India know that the national movement which has achieved the independence of India was organized and led by the Congress Party. A brief glance at its history and its present position will enable one to understand the political situation in the country. The "Indian National Congress" was founded more than 60 years ago, and its main activity consisted of an annual meeting in December devoted to the making of speeches and the passing of high-sounding resolutions. It was a strictly constitutional body, almost entirely dominated by the ideals of Victorian liberalism.

Among its founders was an Englishman, Alan Octavian Hume. The early activities of this body are now regarded with some amusement as having been mainly "academic," but in its day even its carefully worded criticisms and its demands for a measure of political and economic autonomy disturbed the bureaucratic rulers of India. It enlisted in the Nationalist cause men of outstanding ability and eloquence like Dadabahi Naorojee, Surendranath Banerjee, Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Gopal Krishna Gokhale. Their speeches in the Congress meetings and elsewhere were read widely and did indispensable good in awakening political consciousness and educating India in democratic ideals. And at the same time their mild but persistent agitation, always strictly constitutional, secured for India the earliest instalments of political autonomy.

It was Mahatma Gandhi who transformed this staid body into a militant army by his dynamic ideas and his genius for organization. He made it a real representative assembly elected from constituencies carefully marked out and grouped into districts and provinces. It is worth noting that these provinces were not identical with the political provinces into which India was divided under British rule but on linguistic divisions which foreshadowed an important future development. This itself was a significant manifestation of the national spirit. More important still Mahatma Gandhi, in spite of the opposition of timid people, gave to the Congress the revolutionary weapon of Satyagraha, that is, passive resistance or non-violent civilian disobedience. The English rulers, who had been accustomed to correctly worded resolutions from a body of orators, found that they had to deal with a real parliament of the people which could, under certain conditions and at certain times, paralyze their government and even set up parallel administrations to which the people gave their willing allegiance.

The executive body of the Congress organization was called the Congress Working Committee. The President of the Congress, who is elected for a term of one year only, could in the last stages of the national struggle be considered the real ruler of the country and the Working Committee was his Cabinet. Mahatma Gandhi himself had more than one term as President and so did others. Among them were present Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, who followed his distinguished father, Motilal Nehru.

This cabinet worked with remarkable cohesion and efficiency during the national struggle and gave an example of organizing and administrative ability which astonished even the well-wishers of India. But at the height of its power and before the achievement of complete independence there occurred a split in its front ranks which has had a considerable effect on discipline within the Congress ranks. Though the Congress Party as a whole was convinced of the justice of the Allies' cause and was consistently opposed to Nazism and Fascism, it decided that it could not officially cooperate with the war effort because the British Government declared war on behalf of India without consulting the Nationalist leaders or securing a vote from the fully elected provincial legislatures, which were already enjoying a large degree of autonomy under the Constitution of 1935. At one stage of the war the Congress Party, under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, went a step further and launched a movement of civil disobedience on a very small scale in order to force the government to transfer full power into Indian hands for the prosecution of the war. However, many Congress leaders believed that in spite of the justice of their case it was wrong to embarrass the governmen

Rev. Jerome D'Souza, S.J., a native of India, is now in this country as a member of the Indian delegation to the United Nations.

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when England was fighting for democracy against Nazism and ceased their connection with the Congress. Later on they returned to Congress. Foremost among them was C. Rajagopalachari, affectionately known as Rajai. He is today Governor General of India and is one of the wisest leaders of our country.

★

THE mild civil disobedience of 1940 did not secure its objectives. It was followed in 1942 by a full-scale movement of civil disobedience, the imprisonment of thousands of Congressmen, and many unhappy incidents of sabotage and violence. It demonstrated that England had lost the last vestiges of its moral hold on India, and that though the country might be held down by a military force it was no longer possible to rule it peacefully. The result was England's wise decision not to defer independence and the Congress Party's reluctant decision that independence was worth having and could be had only with the division of India and the secession of Pakistan. August 1947 found the Congress Party unquestioned political master in the territory of India with its population of 330 million.

At present there is a big, not to say an overwhelming, Congress majority in the legislatures of every one of the provinces which constitute the Federal Union of India. The Constituent Assembly which has, for the present, the double role of drawing up India's constitution and acting as India's Parliament in its legislative sessions, was elected by these provincial legislatures. In order to give a truly representative character to this Constituent Assembly the Congress majorities have elected a certain number of public men outside its ranks to sit in this Assembly. The present writer, a Christian Educationist, was elected to the Constituent Assembly as a non-party member, as a representative of the Christians. But a very large majority of this Central Assembly is also made up of Congress-men. Pandit Nehru, who is Prime Minister of the Central Government, is assured of this majority support for all his measures.

What is the attitude of the country as a whole towards this Party which has been enjoying the fruit of its victory during these two and one-half years since India secured independence? What is its program? What is the state of its interior discipline? Does it still maintain its hold upon the people? Is it likely to retain its power for an indefinite period in the future?

It is obvious that some degree of disappointment and disillusion is always experienced by the supporters of a victorious political party when that party comes to grips with the complicated problems of practical administration. That explains the swing of the pendulum from election to election in countries that have party government. In the case of the Congress Party, that disappointment was bound to be greater than usual because the promises made in the days of revolutionary fervor were exaggerated and impractical.

In addition to this natural difficulty, the Congress had to face another one of unexpected and appalling magnitude. Riots broke out soon after the division of India and an immense mass of refugees poured into the country from across the borders of Pakistan. It must be admitted that Pakistan had the same problem. There was a displacement of about six million people on either side. On top of it came the Kashmir trouble and all that it meant in expenditure of men and treasure. With these cares and financial drains the Congress has not been able to carry out a good many of its economic and social measures. The discontent or disappointment which this has brought about is being exploited by the relatively small but extremely well organized Communist Party which is carrying out a continuous and unscrupulous campaign against the Congress and the present governments.

Communist opposition would not have been a very serious matter and might have been countered effectively if it were not for another development, namely, the rift between the main Congress body and its Socialist left wing. Although the Congress Party has an absolute majority in the Central Legislature and Pandit Nehru could easily form a government from among orthodox Congress-men, he and the Congress leaders have preferred to form what looks like a coalition government with ministers taken from prominent leaders of other groups also. Though most of them are now formally enrolled in the Congress, they are not regarded as Congress leaders by the rank and file of the Party.

Moreover, the Deputy Prime Minister, Vallabhbhai Patel, though a great and well-tried Congress leader who as Home Minister has shown himself "the strong man" of the cabinet, has a reputation of being a Right Wing reactionary and friend of capitalists. In fact the industrial and financial policy of the government of India has followed a cautious middle line, seeking to secure the cooperation of the wealthier classes in the task of national reconstruction. This was entirely unacceptable to the Socialist group which, during the nationalist struggle, was part of the Congress organization and even claimed Pandit Nehru as its leader. Pledged to a more revolutionary social and economic policy than the one sponsored by Congress, they declared that it was impossible for them to remain in the Congress and be subjected to the party discipline of not opposing the policy of the cabinet. They have, therefore, left the Congress and have obliged all Socialists who may have secured offi-

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cial or semi-official positions through the Congress Party to resign from such positions. The Socialists have a brilliant and dynamic leader in Jai Prakash Narain and some very able men, both speakers and journalists, among their members. They form an intelligent, active and energetic opposition to the Congress Party and the Congress governments. They have secured some striking successes in municipal elections particularly in Bombay at the expense of the Congress Party.

★

AN EVEN more serious defection from the Congress ranks is that of Sarat Chandra Bose, the brother of the famous Subash Chandra Bose, at one time Congress President, the head of "the forward block" section in the Congress Party and finally, after a dramatic disappearance from India and a brief sojourn in Germany during the war, the creator under the Japanese military authorities in Burma and Malaya of "the Indian National Army." Subash was killed in an airplane accident toward the end of the war and his military movement of independence collapsed after the surrender of Japan. Sarat Bose continued to be one of the leaders of Congress and was at one time a Minister in the Delhi government. But he was attached to his brother and shared most of his extreme views. The rift between him and his group in Bengal, and the Delhi government, considered too moderate, went on widening till it ended in full secession. In a recent bi-election in Calcutta Sarat Bose was opposed by an official Congress candidate, whom he defeated with a heavy majority. He and his dissident group of Bengal Congress-men have now allied themselves with the Socialists with whom they have a great deal in common and have thus strengthened the opposition to Congress to an appreciable degree.

Concurrently with this growth and defection of Left-Wing elements, an extreme Right Wing group almost equally discontented with official Congress policy has also been growing. It is made up of staunch Hindus who had agreed to the policy of religious neutrality and concessions to Muslims, before the division of India, very reluctantly. But after the division they think that there is no further justification for a "policy of appeasement" and wish to make of India a Hindu state just as Pakistan is an Islamic state. This school is organized under the name of the Hindu Mahasabha and it has a militant fanatical section, Fascist in its outlook and methods, which is called the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh. It was a member of this group, Godse, who assassinated Mahatma Gandhi. After the assassination the group was declared illegal and banned, but it has made the required declarations of policy to secure the lifting of the ban and is now working with the utmost energy to gain adherents. It has a considerable hold on certain sections of the Indian youth.

The Socialists and the Maha Sabhites are in opposition to Congress from outside but these extremist developments have their repercussions within the Congress Party itself. There are groups close to the Socialists and a group in considerable sympathy with the Mahasabha. This makes internal discipline difficult and instances of individual or group dissent from official policy are not infrequent. The Working Committee does not react against these dissensions in the rigorous manner of former days, possibly to prevent further defections from ranks that have been depleted already.

★

IN THE CENTER of these extremist groups stands the main body with Pandit Nehru at its head; most of the great Congress leaders of the Nationalist struggle are faithful to him. Foremost among them are Vallabhbhai Patel, Deputy Prime Minister, and the gentle and much loved Rajendra Prasad, President of the Constituent Assembly. This group wishes to keep to a wise "middle way" in political and economic matters. They are doing their best to carry out the ideals of Mahatma Gandhi, to whose memory they are attached by the deepest ties of gratitude and affection. In particular they are committed to the policy of land reform by the liquidating and redistribution of the vast landed estates of Zamindars and Tulaqadars—the barons of India—to abolish the social stigma and the poverty of the Untouchables, to enforce prohibition and to encourage a decentralized industry by fostering the cooperative movement, cottage industries and the reorganization of the village community.

In spite of the tremendous difficulties which followed the partition of India—the great refugee problem and the Kashmir war—they have carried out a good part of this program. Pandit Nehru has solved the difficult question of relations with England in a happy manner. India will continue to be in the Commonwealth even as a republic. The task of drawing up a Federal Constitution, beset as it was with great difficulties, has been nearly completed with practical unanimity. The thorny problem of the Indian states has been solved in a brilliant manner by Sardar Patel. All these states, either in their original form when they were large, or grouped into homogeneous units, have joined the Indian Union and introduced democratic governments for their people. These are solid achievements and insure for the Congress Party the loyalty of most of its former adherents, and the support of the old moderate parties that were outside Congress.

Above all, the personal prestige of Pandit

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Nehru and his immense hold on the affection of the masses remains unimpaired. His close associates, Patel, Prasad, Rajaji, also have their groups of admirers and disciples. That the hold of Congress still remains substantially what it was became clear, in the Madras Presidency at any rate, during the last District Board Elections. In these elections the Communists and Socialists have secured hardly any success. Dissident Congressmen calling themselves "independents" have had some success certainly, but in most districts the Congress Party has been returned with substantial majorities. It is probable that when India goes to the polls under the new Constitution and with universal suffrage in 1950 or 1951, Congress will be returned to power with fair majorities in the provinces and in the Center.

From almost every point of view such a success for the Congress Party is desirable. It will ensure the continuance of India in the middle way, which will save her from the extremisms of the Hindu Mahasabha and the Communist Party. It will enable the Congress governments to carry forward their important and interesting social experiments, the success of which would interest Christian sociologists, and enlist their sympathy. In international matters the Congress will steadily labor for peace because it believes in non-violence in the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi, and because it needs peace. For all these reasons, it deserves the sympathy of men of good will.

I Never Liked England Before

Vivian Mercier

MY TWO-WEEK visit to England this summer was an unashamedly sentimental journey. I certainly did not go there "to see for myself" how the Labor government was making out. Like most people who have written about England lately my mind was made up on this subject before I arrived — in Labor's favor, I might add. After a nine-year absence I expected to find the English people as a whole much where I left them; I might admire them more than in pre-war years, but would surely be as far from liking them as ever. Nor could I expect them to like me. As an Irish-American, I now had two strikes against me, while as a mere Irishman, I had only one before.

No, there seemed to be only two reasons why I could possibly want to revisit England. The first was to see certain people I cared a great deal about, some of whom I hadn't seen for as much as eleven years. Very few of them were English. The second reason was this: it is impossible to teach English literature to American students for several years without coming to realize how peculiarly English most of it is. The modern Irishman of predominantly English stock is apt to take his English heritage very much for granted, except when he is actively fighting against it. Thirty-three years after the Irish Rising of 1916 he feels much as a New Englander of 1809 might have felt—especially if his family had been suspected of Toryism in 1776. Contact with those who possess an utterly different heritage tends to redress the balance, or even tip the scale the other way. Thus it was less as a tourist than as a returned exile that I found myself spending several hours in Westminster Abbey on my second day in London.

It wasn't until a couple of days later, however, that I began to understand the continuity between England's past and her present. I was staying with a young Irish couple, and we decided to take advantage of a fine Sunday afternoon by going to Hampton Court, bringing with us Stephen, aged four, Melissa, aged not much over a year, and Melissa's large baby-carriage. We went by suburban train, with one change, and were very grateful for the good-humored help of the railroad officials, who seemed to think it perfectly natural that we should want to bring a heavy pram along to complicate their split-second schedule.

At the palace we found ourselves part of a cheerful mob, not of tourists, but of native Londoners enjoying a day out in congenial surroundings. Hampton Court is the most English and unpretentious of palaces, mainly two-story red brick, and the chief attraction was clearly the gardens rather than the state apartments. No one needs to be told that the English are a nation of gardeners, but it was pleasant to be reminded that they have been so since Henry VIII. There are gardens on the bombed sites around St. Paul's Cathedral, but the finest example I saw of the English gift for bringing order out of chaos was in the village of Stebbing, Essex. Just one bomb fell there destroying an empty house, and the villagers have turned the site into a bowling green, complete with the inevitable herbaceous border.

To get back to Hampton Court; anyone who likes to talk of the drabness of English life should go there on a sunny day to watch the quiet gaiety of Londoners at play. Gaiety can exist without noise or neon lights, though it is hard to make New Yorkers believe this. Undoubtedly, the English find it harder to be gay when it rains

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than the Irish do, but the past summer was so perfect that for once the climatic handicap was negligible. Perhaps this had a lot to do with my new and sunny estimate of the English character. Voltaire first arrived in London on a fine day and thought it an earthly paradise; next day the East wind was blowing, his friends would hardly speak to him, and people were committing suicide all over the place.

★

HOWEVER, I sensed a change of heart in the English that could not be attributed to a mere change in the weather. They seem no longer to think of themselves as an imperial people, a *Herrenvolk,* and I, for one, do not regard this as a sign of decadence, though a recent article by Bernard Iddings Bell in the New York *Times Magazine* suggests that *he* does. Personally, whether he considers me an Irishman or an American, I am glad to find that the Englishman now treats me as an equal.

This spirit of equality is spreading everywhere in English life. Time was when anyone who wore a collar and tie in London was addressed as "sir." Now there is at least a sporting chance of his being called "mate" by bus-conductor or taxi-driver. No one who has been called "bud" all his life by the New York hackie can ever hope to understand what a social upheaval this represents in England. The worker who calls you "mate" there doesn't only mean that he is as good as you are. He actually implies that you're as good as he is. The old cleavage between social classes in England cut both ways. One of the friends I visited was an English girl born into the professional class and now married to a worker. I was a bit anxious about whether he and his friends would accept me, but I needn't have been. As I said, things have changed.

One English middle-class prejudice dies hard, however. I listened to three intelligent young Londoners chide three ditto Americans for their avowed anti-Negro prejudice. They said and I believed them, that if a girl they knew married a Negro, they would accept him. If in the distant future one of them had a daughter who wanted to marry a Negro, that would be O. K. too. In the end I thought they were becoming too self-righteous altogether at the expense of the Americans, so I wickedly asked, "What if the hypothetical daughter were to marry an English Catholic?" It was the Americans' turn to be self-righteous. I came away then. It's very bad for one's soul to feel smug twice in one evening, just because one's own prejudices and snobberies don't happen to have come under scrutiny.

To get back to the matter of drabness and dreariness for a moment. I found most of London at least as clean as most of New York, and the people as a whole more contented. I didn't go to any night clubs, and I don't know what the hotels, big or little, were like, because I didn't stay in any. I never felt hungry after eating, or bored with the food. I imagine, though, that things must get pretty unpleasant in winter, when fresh fruit and vegetables run short. There was plenty of both, cheap, this summer. It is probably true that the English don't work as hard as we do, which may be one reason why they are more contented. Or, perhaps it's the other way round: being more contented with what they've got they don't feel they've got to work hard for more. Still, I'd like to see anyone work harder than a cousin of mine, a veterinarian. He works up to sixteen hours a day and never takes a holiday. I asked him why he didn't turn the practice over to his assistant and go off to the Continent for a month. His only reply was that the farmers never take a holiday, but the real reason is that he's too fond of his job. He lives only fifty miles from London, but he hadn't been there for months, except to attend a veterinarians' convention.

The English have often been accused of overemphasis on conformity, whether social or political—unjustly, I think. They like to think of themselves as a nation of eccentrics and non-conformists—a view which doesn't quite correspond with the facts either. Nonetheless, some of the ruggedest individualists among my college contemporaries have deliberately chosen to make their homes in London. Among them is the Irishman who rammed a New Jersey ferryboat with a landing craft in one of the least publicized naval actions of the war.

Again, I was surprised to find how tolerant the people of a remote village were toward the only Communist in the place—about as exotic an intruder as one could hope to find. He happened to be not only a Communist but half Jewish, half Scottish, and entirely city-bred. So alien a figure would never have been accepted by the villagers, if his expulsion from a teaching post in the local market town had not aroused their English spirit of fair play. Anybody who had suffered for his beliefs, however misguided, is sure of sympathy in England. The Eisler affair dramatized this trait before the whole world, but it was interesting to see it demonstrated at the parish pump also.

★

LONDON underwent an invasion of European art this summer. I just missed the Munich exhibition at the National Gallery, but was able

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to join the throngs who visited the collection of treasures from Vienna at the Tate. The subway crush there made me realize the truth of all the stories one had read lately about the British wartime and postwar hunger for art. Personally, I got bored by the monotony of High Renaissance painting and went off to wallow in the rampant individualism and downright eccentricity of such English Romantic painters as Blake, Turner, and Samuel Palmer, who form part of the Tate's permanent collection.

★

MY final pilgrimage in England was to the shrine of an Irishman—Malvern, center of the cult of Bernard Shaw. A journalist friend had passes for the matinee premiere of Shaw's "Buoyant Billions," so we went up on the morning train and returned by the evening one—seven hours of traveling. I wish I could say that the play was worth it. As it turned out, the trip was an act of pure piety; the rather laden "Buoyant Billions" consisted of a ritualistic repetition of time-hallowed themes and even phrases. The audience crowding into the Festival Theatre in this hilly little Midland resort town was more intriguing than the plotless play. London intellectuals with long hair and pastel ties minced in alongside retired colonels and country squires; American co-eds walked shoulder to shoulder with dear old ladies dressed for afternoon tea; the social types were as various as those in the cast of a Shaw play.

My most unforgettable memories of Malvern are of the once-rebel Irish tricolor fluttering over the principal street in Shaw's honor, and of the airy grandeur of the Priory Church. It is as if the monks had said to their Gothic architect, "Let us see if you can build a church that is more glass than stone."

The East window seems to fill the entire wall, and the West window is only slightly smaller. There are few pillars and no choir screen to block the light, while the clerestory windows are enormous in proportion to the over-all height of the church. The fifteenth-century stained glass in the great windows seems itself designed to give the maximum possible light. Pale golds and blues predominate, rather than the opaque shades one tends to associate with medieval glass. Standing just across the road from the theatre and the movie house, the Priory Church reminds one of England's stubborn refusal to destroy any part of her heritage that has proved its worth; as once she set up a new religion in the temples of the old, so now she practices socialism within the traditional framework of a constitutional monarchy.

The Stage & Screen

Montserrat

AT LEAST ONE intelligible (and intelligent) note has been struck in a cacophonous season with this Kermit Bloomgarden-Gilbert Miller production of Emmanuel Roblés's play. Lillian Hellman has made the adaptation from the original French and all in all, I think it's an absorbing business. The fable of the piece is based on one of the endless incidents in that endlessly bloody revolution led by Simon Bolivar in the South American countries. The scene is a General's Palace in Valencia, Venezuela, during the Spanish occupation of that city. The year is 1812, fairly early in Bolivar's hectic career, at a time when his forces were disintegrated and his cause shaky. While the Spanish garrison in the town have every reason to believe they can effect his capture in a matter of hours, his escape is successfully engineered by one of their own officers. So much for exposition.

The play itself deals with the dilemma confronting this young officer, Montserrat: whether to allow six random and innocent hostages to be summarily shot by his commanding officer, or whether to reveal the rebel leader's hideaway. It is the one hour allowed Montserrat to ready a decision which is played out for us on the stage: an hour in which (presumably) he must persuade the hostages to die; and in which (presumably) they must bargain with him for life. I believe it is absolutely accurate to state that M. Roblés (through Miss Hellman) presumes nothing at all. The author is attempting to deal in characters—that is, with people of more or less moral dimension—and therefore he must present us with the non-bargaining hostages as well as the bargaining ones. But unfortunately (and again accurately) he is also constrained to present us with a non-persuading hero. Montserrat has nothing to say. Or, and this is even more unfortunate, he has *a little* to say. He has a kind of arpeggio of anguish—gestures, moans, groans, mutterings, a scream. But this is a human arpeggio, not a theatre one. Indeed, throughout the whole effort of this play, I cannot imagine that anyone's eyes, or anyone's ears, were trained upon the hero at all. His villain had all the words; his victims had all the action. And at the dénouement, when his position (sociological, psychological, theological, political, obviously physiological, and just plain logical-illogical) is made clear, his words do not ring, but rather fall into his audience's ears. It seems to me that his author has sadly tried to build a man rather than the illusion of a man, which, for the theatre, is nonsense of course, and a most mistaken use of a useful medium.

It seems to me that M. Roblés lacks device; that he would have done far better to have delivered his hero only silence until his curtain. But I want to append that a piece with as many serious facets as this one can only hamper any critic on first view. I find, for in-

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stance, that I have not examined the surface analogy between inquisitorial Spain and the present totalitarian régime. And until I can see the play again, or read it, I do not feel capable of tracing the existentialist line which unquestionably motivates the finale: the fact that Montserrat seems only to *descend* into humanity in his author's eyes. But that a Broadway production should present so much argument—so much stuff—does honestly seem an occasion for gratitude rather than wrestling analysis. And gratitude is hereby tendered. And will be tendered again.

★

WITH ONE OR TWO minor exceptions, the performance justifies the play. In probably the most difficult part in any season, William Redfield is fitting in the title role, and he is personable and lithe. That he is overshadowed by Emlyn Williams in the part of the Colonel is the author's fault, but this must not in any way minimize the size of the job Mr. Williams is doing. It is superb. In a sense, his character controls the play, but it is far more important that Mr. Williams is in control of his character. I can imagine no one else who could play it with such an elegant absence of ham. John Abbott as an Actor-hostage, Nehemiah Persoff as a cretinous Officer, Reinhold Schunzel as a depraved Merchant-hostage, are in line. There is nothing to be said for Miss Hellman's direction since it is invisible: nothing is faked; there is no "business;" there is no cumulative pace. From now on, the "Invisible Director" is to be this column's chief and rarest encomium.

For the rest, I want to quote from the generous program note devoted to M. Roblés. It seems that this play, written in 1948, had simultaneous production in Paris and Algiers, with a further run in Paris of 150 performances. It has since been played in Tel Aviv, Munich, Geneva, Prague, Budapest, Rotterdam, and Bucharest, with commitments for Egypt, Italy and Scandinavia. With such a record, I must admit I am at a loss to understand why the Messrs. Bloomgarden and Miller should ever have imagined it to be of potential interest to a Broadway audience. Is it possible that these astute and experienced men can be fools? I don't know, but to be on the safe side, I am adding still another epithet to my cheer-list, and especially for producers. It will be that of the "Broadway Fool" and I can assure you, it is the most honorable of all. (*At the Fulton*)

★

I Know My Love

LYNN FONTANNE's and Alfred Lunt's celebration of their twenty-fifth performance on the world stage is unqestionably a matter for homage, but I do not know how to pay it. It does not seem to me that any intelligent actor is bigger than his play, and at the same time, it does not seem to me that there have been, historically, more intelligent and more talented actors on the American scene than these two.

Nevertheless, their present vehicle is the most embarrassing drivel delivered by the late S. N. Behrman. (Mr. Behrman has been late, by the way, for the past ten years.) I think I would like to add only a kind of prophetic bouquet to the innumerable others in honor of this Theatre occasion. I can't afford it, of course, but at least I can write it—and it's going to look like this. There will be a lot of little lights (lime colored) wired to a wire background of skyscrapers and airplanes and headlines, and the legend will read: 1950, with an enormous question mark. After all, and despite Mr. Behrman, the Lunts are still this side of any grave. (*At the Shubert*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

★

Know Your Candidate

IT IS INTERESTING that two politically minded films, one from England and the other from Hollywood, are arriving on our screens at the same time. Since both are based on well known novels, that trace the rise of leaders who betrayed their causes, and both are good, intelligent films, although too long for the points they succeed in putting over, comparisons are fair.

The English movie, *"Fame is the Spur,"* starts in the 1870s when Hamer Radshaw (Anthony Wager) was a young boy knowing only the poverty and suffering of the slum district where he lived and worked. But even at that early age he was inspired by the job of "putting the world right." As a young man (Michael Redgrave) he was still working hard and studying harder, and when an opportunity came to help a friend (Hugh Burden) in politics, Hamer threw himself into the task and soon discovered that he was an inspired leader. Through the years (against a background of English social history that includes the rise of such movements as the Labor Party and Suffrage) Hamer attains high position; but we realize, as he doesn't, that his goal is now fame for himself, not the good causes he once sponsored. Again and again, during and after World War I, Hamer sacrifices his old principles, his old friends the working people and even his wife, who fights for Suffrage; in order to make his position in politics and with the Government stronger. Even at the film's end, when Hamer is an elderly man, he rationalizes his acceptance of the title that is to be conferred on him.

★

WHILE "Fame Is The Spur" works too strenuously and long to prove its point, it is still a fascinating film. Nigel Balchin has written a good script from the Howard Spring novel, and Roy Boulting has directed it expertly. No doubt the cold tone that pervades the picture is intentional and reflects what his dying wife says to Hamer in the Swiss Sanatorium, about all his thinking coming from the head instead of the heart. Michael Redgrave gives an outstanding portrayal of a man who knows where he is going but who does not understand himself. The supporting cast, which includes Rosamund

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John as the wife who sees through her husband's self-deception, and Bernard Miles as the former friend who has no illusions about commerce or politics, is good throughout. Like Wendell Willkie's famous statement about campaign promises, "Fame Is the Spur" makes us think twice about the motives and silver-tongued oratory of men in high places.

★

THE Hollywood film, *"All the King's Men,"* should make Americans think three or four times about motives and speeches of political leaders. And when a leader like Willie Stark, who rose through hard work and shady deals from small office to governor of his state, insists that good comes out of bad, it is important for us to ask, as does one of the characters in this film: "Who's to determine what's good and what's bad?" The answer for Willie Stark is Willie Stark alone. This man may remind you of other men in fact or fiction—of Huey Long, of Citizen Kane, of Mussolini. Willie really starts out trying to help the people; he seems to rise above the evil politicians; but then he sees himself as a messiah "handing out God's truth," and he frankly admits "I'll make a deal with the devil if it'll help me." Finally Stark is such a big shot, with so many deals with the devil, that there seems to be no stopping him. It is true that he made good his promises about schools, hospitals and roads, but he doesn't even notice the lives he has ruined in accomplishing good. When impeachment proceedings against this governing bully fail, this man is brought to sudden death by another man with a gun.

This movie is so well done that it will hold your interest from beginning to end. It is more robust than "Fame Is The Spur," but it lacks the English film's subtlety. At times it is overmelodramatic, especially in the episodes connected with Stark's adopted son, the boy who is crushed by his father's domination. But "All the King's Men" handles so many departments so well that it is difficult to give full credit where it is due. Since Robert Rosen produced, directed and wrote the script, he deserves major applause, but credit must also go to Robert Penn Warren's novel, to the good technical staff who helped make the film and to the fine all-around cast who contributed to the picture as a whole rather than their own starry glory. Outstanding in this large cast are Broderick Crawford as the lusty Willie Stark, in love with himself and his own power, John Ireland as the reporter who is taken in by Willie but who at the end hopes to set the people straight about their cherished demi-god, Mercedes McCambridge as Willie's "secretary," who supplants his wife, Anne Seymour as the patient wife who suffers as much as any of Willie's more obvious victims. "All the King's Men" succeeds in spite of its grim themes in being entertainment; and it is doubly successful in furnishing food for thought long after it has said its say upon the screen.

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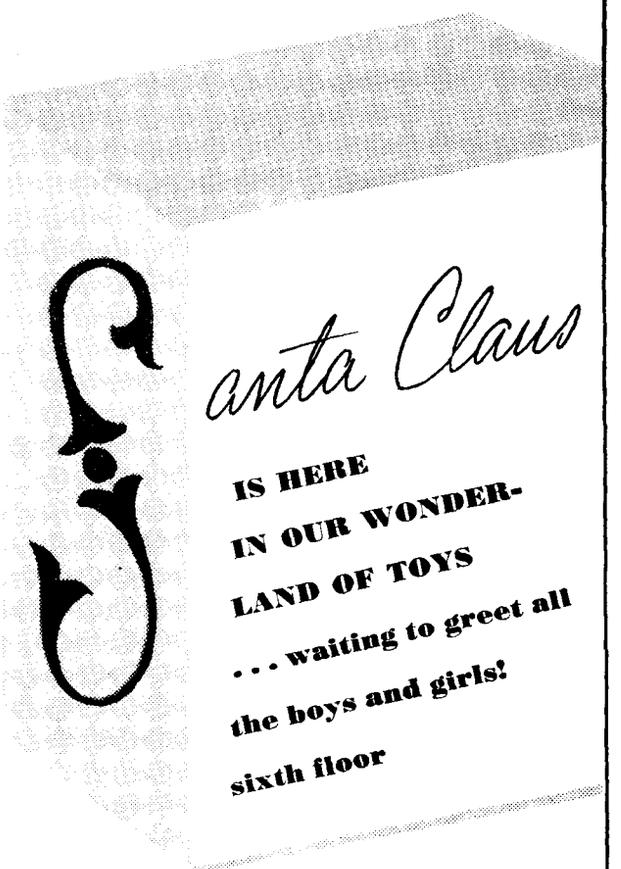

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Of Note

Navaho Catholics

THE Franciscan missionaries among Arizona Navaho Indians are beginning a year-long campaign to obtain help for their work in preparing modern Navahos for a fuller participation in American life. Many Navahos are being forced to leave the reservation, and many who remain are unable to earn enough to provide their families with an adequate income. This campaign is being carried out in cooperation with the Catholic Navaho Conference of lay people. A Catholic Intercontinental Press dispatch continues:

> The Franciscan Fathers have seen the necessity of equipping the Navaho to live on a par with his fellow Americans since three pioneer missionaries first converted an abandoned trading post into a mission post on the reservation in October, 1898. One of the three, Father Anselm Weber, O.F.M. frequently journeyed to Washington to argue Indian rights and appeal rulings in Indian affairs. He also settled peacefully what was probably the last difficulty the U. S. Army ever had with Indian tribes. In 1913 he persuaded Navaho leaders and General Hugh L. Scott to come to terms when the Navaho were fully armed for battle and U. S. troops stood ready less than 50 miles away.
>
> The missionaries started a study of the language, traditions and living habits of the Navaho soon after their arrival. With the help of later missionaries they developed the first written form of the Navaho language, produced a Navaho-printed Gospel, a Catechism, a Way-of-the-Cross, and a book of prayers based on Navaho patterns. Father Berard Haile, O.F.M., who after joining the mission in 1900 became known to the Navaho as "The Little Priest Who Knows" and "Shorty Long-Gown" (Ednishodi Yazzie), has written 17 scientific works on the Navaho, with one soon to be published, entitled "Navaho Ghostway", a book of research on ceremonies.
>
> Three Catholic grammar schools and one high school are now available to the Navaho, with the applications requiring many more. During the past two years the Franciscans have been able to obtain scholarships at Catholic colleges for worthy Navaho high school graduates. Five Navaho girls entered American colleges this Fall under the plan. Two dispensaries are conducted for the Navaho, but a hospital and professional aid are sorely needed.
>
> The effort to prepare the Navaho to participate in American life is being aided by several Catholic lay people from various sections of the country who have volunteered to work on the reservation. They are relieving the Franciscan Fathers of some of the secular activities like repair of buildings, upkeep of cars, bookkeeping, housekeeping and first aid work.

"People of the Land"

ONE of the participants in the National Catholic Rural Life Convention held in Columbus, Ohio, is an Irish priest named John M. Hayes. He is the founder and leader of the "Muintir na Tire" ("People of the Land") movement in important and neglected rural Ireland. Father Hayes' work has been described in a privately printed book by Martin Quigley, Jr. Here is a part of Mr. Quigley's essay:

> Each community which decided to try the scheme forms what is called a Parish Guild of Muintir na Tire. Every one in the community is free to join the Guild, there are no restrictions of any kind.
>
> The members of each Guild, ideally the whole community, select a Parish Council. This Council is chosen on a vocational basis with each section in the community having an equal number of members. In the usual Parish Guild there are farmers, farm laborers, and trade and professional people. That would make three sections. The number depends entirely on the wishes of the Guild. They may have further divisions—farmers' sons, women's groups, etc. But the fundamental point is that no matter what sections are selected each has the same representation on the Parish Council, usually five or six members each.
>
> The Parish Council keeps in contact with the central organization at Tipperary, which is ever ready to supply guidance. Each Council decides what are its own problems and how they will be approached. Father Hayes has encouraged every possible type of activity. Many of them have been of a general community service.
>
> Parish Guilds have sponsored and successfully carried out community turf cutting projects which utilized local unemployed labor and sold the fuel at less than market price to the poor of the community. Similar work in the cultivation of potatoes and other crops has been carried on; also, local facilities, recreation halls, restaurants and the like. The projects run the scale from small activities, the finding of a single job, for instance, to considerable undertakings using borrowed finance of hundreds of pounds and more.
>
> The Parish Councils of Muintir na Tire in a sense become the voluntary organs of local government. In Ireland for a number of reasons real local government has disappeared. The British did not develop or entrench a system that permitted

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local freedom. They wanted easily administered, relatively large areas. Even the counties in Eire today possess little powers of self-government. They are operated by county managers responsible to the federal government in Dublin, though a part of the money they are spending is raised locally. Muintir na Tire Councils, of course, cooperate with the county political officials in work of mutual concern. A healthy situation of the citizen participating in civil affairs is being cultivated by Muintir na Tire. . . . Paris Guilds have been set up and are operating with enthusiastic Councils and secretaries in nearly one hundred parishes almost everywhere in Eire, not only in rural areas but in a few cities.

Divorce in Russia

"THE main function of a Soviet family is to bring up children as Soviet patriots and as active and conscious builders of Communism . . . Strengthening of the Soviet family is one of the most important tasks of the Bolshevik Party and of the Soviet State," V. Kolbanovsky, Soviet writer on political theory, stated in an 11-page article in the September issue of *Bolshevik,* semimonthly magazine of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR. The article was written "in reply to several letters to the Editor" and defended the recent tightening of divorce laws in Russia.

According to *East Europe,* a weekly bulletin edited by Lady Judith Listowel and J. Kowalewski in London, the present "family drive" in Russia has been caused by a fall in the Soviet birth rate and marks a new step in the development from easy divorce to greater family stability. In the early days of the Soviet regime, divorce was granted whenever one of the parties wished to end a marriage. Later it was made difficult to obtain a divorce unless both parties wished it. Recently, the Soviet Supreme Court decided that, in addition to mutual consent, there had to be an "objective reason" for divorce. Such a reason exists in particular, according to the Soviet Courts, "if the continuation of the marriage is contrary to Communist morality." Practically this means that wives of men who have been sent to forced labor camps or have fled the country for political reasons obtain divorces easily.

The "strengthening of the family spirit" is stressed especially in military publications where it is presented as a necessary resistance against the "decadent influences of the capitalist West." The Navy publication *Krasny Flot* ("Red Navy") of September 16 stated editorially that the families of Soviet officers are of great importance for the country. They "must be constantly educated politically and developed culturally." Every officer's family "is a leading Soviet family which should throw off such remnants of the past as religious superstitions or admiration for foreign forms of life." (London 11/5 CIP.)

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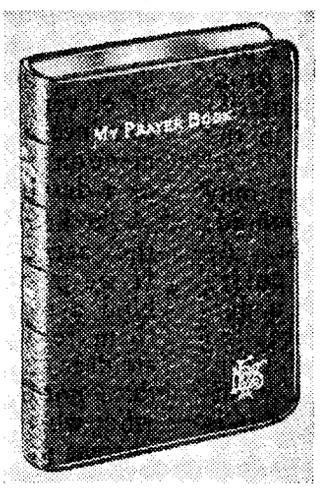

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• Children's Books •

Poetry for Children

John M. Aitkenhead

MAKE no mistake about it—poetry belongs with magic. And since I firmly believe it is high time we developed, or rather rediscovered, our capacity for magic, or our belief in magic, which is really the same thing, I think it cannot be a bad thing at all if we start off with the sounds we call words and give children confidence in the spells that can be woven with them.

Bernard Shaw once spoke of the "miracle" of language. Hugh MacDiarmid of Scotland has a figure of the "mine" which language is, "the mine into which countless generations have thrown their coins, leather, silver and gold." And whoever thinks that a consideration of poetry, for children and by children, is concerned with anything less, should not trouble to read further.

I believe language is basic. Men make it, but it in turn makes men. A deal of reciprocal unmaking has been going on and must be countered. For whatever reasons, we have shunned the words with emotional content, as "shocking;" as if they were harmful. It is significant that the century which produced this state of affairs produced also the fantastic amount of scientific progress that made possible the military and industrial hells of today, and that artificial shocks to the emotional system now have to be used.

Teachers have suffered with the rest; only what is logical and rational in language counted; grammatical accuracy, the only touchstone. As a result, what is passed on to children as poetry is only what they feel the children can understand, with their heads. Hence, the situation today where the imaginative imagery of the contemporary poet is rejected as meaningless. Children are to be protected from this because it is obscene, modernistic, or futuristic! As if, from their cradles almost, they had not been accepting easily the fantastic imagery of fairy tales and nursery rhymes, and happily crooning like savages mumbo jumbo ritual connected with their games. A writer like Joyce is dubbed indecent and dangerous, but no objection is taken to literature of extremist political parties or to figures. It is as if there were some general fear abroad, a fear of what might happen if words and phrases charged with emotional content were released and approved of in children.

I believe the essential need for human beings today is the development of the emotional side of their lives and that the real function of education is to cater to this in children. Schools should make every provision for the emotions to have expression; there should be more and more scope for free activity to develop imaginations. All the art forms should be the concern of educators today. I believe there exists a magic in art forms in general, and that a humility before this will lead us to a better understanding of things; that only such a reverence will lead to an understanding of other people—the goal that so much moral, rational, logical education has professed and pathetically failed to reach.

A few negative generalizations may clear the ground. Most of what is offered to children in schools today is not poetry at all. So much is obvious to a teacher in a secondary school from the ideas of pupils who come to him round the age of eleven. That rhyme is an essential, they are convinced; and that a proper poem would never mention breakfast dishes or anything so personal as a detail from a dream, they are quite certain.

To help them unlearn these notions is often the teacher's first job. But it can be enjoyable. If we make them conscious of the hypocrisy behind a sickly piece of sentiment and encourage them to write honestly, pupils can make great strides. I recall a boy of twelve who could produce nothing but the poorest in King's English who, when he found that the broad Irvine Valley varient of Scotts was not any longer taboo in my classroom, wrote this about October frost. He was an early morning milk boy.

The floo'ers are as thin's a rake
Oor fingers blue as a grape
Oor braith is seen a mile awa'.

★

IF poetry is magic, how does one enter the mystery, or let a child enter it? How are the rites to be learned? I think there is a pass-word

John M. Aikenhead, who teaches literature in London, gathered the poetry presented here from young students in Darvel School and Kilquhanity House.

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and I risk using it. It is "love." Some might say "enthusiasm;" but the simple yet ruthlessly exclusive answer to the question, in my opinion, is that the teacher must be in love with poetry. Even after that, there are conditions to be satisfied for the successful practice or enjoyment of it, but first and last there must be an atmosphere of love created by the teacher. The main condition is that poetry must be granted its own element—it must be read aloud. (Comparison with other art forms illustrates the need for this. A piece of pottery is to be handled and felt in the round. A dance is not to be talked about but danced. Paintings are not to be read about or studied in black and white photographs of their living colors).

Poetry, to live and work its magic (to create life in us, to recreate us), must be given its element. Poetry for children, their own or someone else's, exists only in an atmosphere of love; and it can be written or made by them in that atmosphere alone. Any hint or suggestion that scorn will greet an effort—that is, scorn from the trusted adult (who is really on terms of equality with the poet in these dealings), would banish the essential conditions and ruin any chances. Criticism maybe, but always, always approval and encouragement. The younger the child, the more approval. Examine any of the poems that follow and realize what a risk the young author is taking. He is being honest at a level as deep as he knows. In return the teacher must make a similarly genuine gesture. If he shows the same humility and shares his confidences, he has laid the real foundation for the bridge between his pupils and the poets of other generations.

★

MAGIC is very hard to resist. Watch the audience when even a poor conjuror is producing the rabbits from his top hat and see how the adults, while they try to hide it, are really as excited as the children. When that happens which we don't expect, or can't, on reflection, explain easily, we are fascinated. This is what happens in poetry. It is the paradox behind the poetic method, and while it does not explain it, I think it is part of the magic of poetry. The conjuror rolls up his sleeves; the poet lays bare his heart. So much the poet tells us of himself, we can't but agree with him. Yet look again—he told us nothing directly—we were tricked; he made us think he told us! Read "The Wife of Usher's Well" to children. And again, and maybe again. Ask what had happened to the father of the three sons of the carlin wife. The poem will have produced enough evidence for half a dozen plausible answers. Yet he is never mentioned.

When a poem produces a general effect, yet does it not by dealing in general terms at all but by handling concrete facts, symbols and images, something of magic is at work. If we feel we like a poet by the way he talks about boats or horses or the sand or any of the things we know; if we are made to feel glad about life in general by reading something or writing something that never takes a thought of life in general or anything so abstract, then definitely there's magic afoot. Without trying to explain it further, let us say that a certain use of language has produced this effect. It is the imaginative use of language. It is poetry.

★

YOUNG children revel in exercising their imagination. What they imagine can be more real for them than what actually is, by our adult evidence. The importance of this for education we are beginning to realize; and the more we realize it the more will the arts be catered to in our schools. In language, till now, we have been far too closely concerned with the logical utilitarian approach. In poetry we have the opportunity to put this right. There is a revelation waiting for children introduced to this world of imagination—and a revelation for the adults who achieve the introduction. More paradoxes—it is the world where the fantastical is expressed and believed—it is at once the world of fancy and the world of trust.

A word about the poems which follow. I am willing to admit they may not merit that title. The expression in words of a child's creative imagination is unique and always interesting; but until an age is reached when a critical and selective capacity comes into use, such expression may not always make a poem. That these examples printed here however are at least the stuff of poetry, I do not have any doubts.

Poems by Children

The Shetland Pony

The Shetland pony is a shaggy horse
Whose temper is always getting worse,
And although it looks a tame creature
Do not judge it by its features,
For somewhere in its heart
It has an evil part.

The Foal

It has long wobbly legs
Like wooden pegs,
It has a small fuzzy tail
And a body so frail,
It has large brown innocent eyes
And it looks as though it could tell no lies.

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Spring

Birds are nesting
In greening hedges,
Reed-huntings are infesting
The marshy sedges;
The clouds sail across the sky
As the foam upon a river.

TOM ALSTON, 11 YEARS.

Clouds

Don't you think they're wonderful things,
Of every different shape and size.
They fly across the sky like wings;
Of rain or shine they'll make you wise.

When the Queen Cloud wears her frock of grey
You'll know it is her washing day.
And when the snow falls on the buds
You'll find her throwing out her suds.

Clouds are lovely and seem untrue,
But they're no more untrue than you;
In fact I think they're truer,
They live where skies are clear and bluer.

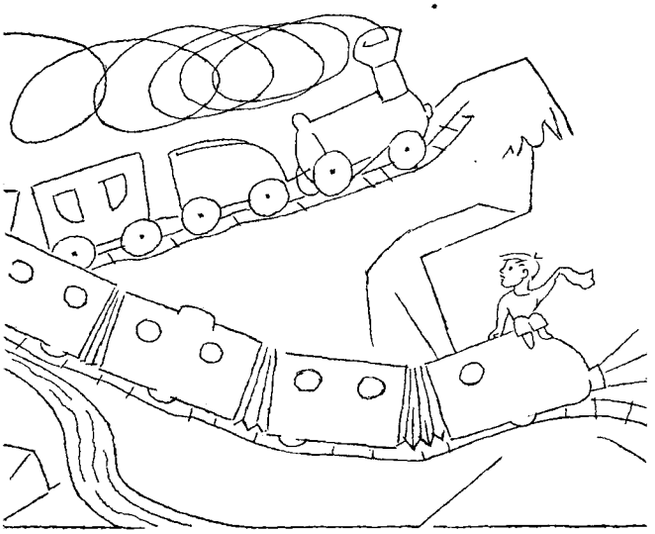
JENNIE MC CLOSKIE, 10 YEARS.

Daffodils

The daffodils look like city lights
In pre-war Edinburgh
Beautiful in its clothing of glow-worms
A woman of the South Seas dressed for a festival,
The trams are little babies
Followed by trains rushing out of tunnels
—Chastening mothers.

Low Tide

The sand in waves
Is stretched over the beach
Taut in places
Like a yellow pullover.



"Two Little Trains," Wm. R. Scott

The rocks there to the right
Tiny hillocks, a miniature world.
Seas, ranges of mountains.
The Saragossa Sea,
Matchsticks swirling round
Trying to free themselves

Trees

Trees at night are fearsome, towering,
All their color of the day is lost in the darkness.
They lean, almost engulfing you
Like waterfalls cascading over a cliff.
Ivy faintly visible in the ivory light of the moon,
An unwanted companion.

September Wheat

The stooks are hotels
Resting places for the crows
Homes for the field mice,
A rabbit's gossip corner,
A young deer's jumping place.

Tributary

Like schoolboys at playtime;
Like an arrow;
Itself.
It tumbles and splashes,
Thunders and lashes,
It meets the river;
So many moods are lost in one.

MICHAEL GRIEVE, 12 YEARS.

Shetland Sea

I am sitting on Clate Cliff
Watching the sea;
It is moving strangely
As if it had a secret it does not wish to give up.

Trees

Trees old and young waving gracefully to the music of the birds
And the breeze.
But what a different picture when the wrath of the wind is aroused:
The trees groan and creak
Just as though a stiff-jointed girl was learning to jitterbug.

Ducks and Hens

Ducks and hens
Are partly pens and feathers,
They squawk and cluck
Among the dirt and muck,
They strut
About as though they owned the place;
They manufacture eggs,
Half a dozen at a time, I believe.

GRAHAME MACLACHLAN, 12 YEARS.

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Chekov on Roller Skates

Florence Codman

AT THE time, each crisis seemed secret and unique. The earlier crisis occurred the day it became essential to decide to whom loyalty should be pledged, whether to Rebecca or Rowena. What made the decision memorable was the sound of a voice reading at the same time *The Wizard of Oz* to a brother two years younger. How could he endure such a baby book? Why couldn't he also read real books like *Ivanhoe* to himself?

The later crisis occurred on roller skates, returning from a branch of the Public Library where the volumes in the children's section had grown all too familiar and an excursion along the shelves of adult fiction had revealed a small book of short stories, of which one concerned a lady with a dog. The author had an unknown name, Chekhov, and the pages skimmed while rolling slowly home, described a world so unlike that of *Little Women, Tom Sawyer,* or *David Copperfield,* a world so foreign to *The Motor Girls,* so remote and at the same time so necessary that suddenly Jo and Barkus and Jean glided with the roller skates into the past.

★

YET, despite the grave concern that children have become in later years to specialists, I gained the impression, while looking through one hundred and fifty books published for children in 1949, that neither editors nor authors had found new ways by which to fill those transitional phases which every young reader goes through. The picture books for the ages up to six and seven, during which all make-believe is possible, are nearly all worthy of childhood's memory—enchantingly illustrated and printed, varied, gay, and endearing. It is when the books-to-be-read begin, when competition with old and new classics begins, when efforts are made to be up-to-date, that so many of the adventure tales, the sports stories, the animal stories, the romances and career stories seem trite or pretentious or both. For the child who would lay *Babar* aside this year, for the boy and girl who are ready to put off childish things, some of the best books are biographies.

Children around ten can find the village of Castleton on a map of Vermont. A century and a half ago Ethan Allen with his Green Mountain Boys bivouacked there before crossing Lake Champlain to capture Fort Ticonderoga. Stewart Holbrook's *America's Ethan Allen,* (Houghton. $2.50) with Lynn Ward's colored illustrations, is a fine book to look at and a hearty tale to read. Courage, bravado, honor, and adventure make it a good story but its subtler merit is that Mr. Holbrook has managed by the simplest use of narrative to fashion Ethan whole. Young and questing minds may well ponder the mixture in one man of conviction, ability, and such foolhardiness, and a few may bedevil their parents by inquiring: When we think justice fails, can we too revolt?

Not long after Ethan's brief sojourn, Castleton is said to have had a very different visitor. Catherin Cate Coblentz's *The Blue Cat of Castle Town* (Longmans, $2.75), with black and white sketches by Janice Holland, is half lyric, half fable, a joyous introduction to the crafts and felicities of peace. Some young skeptics may doubt that a blue kitten ever heard a river singing of enchantment but, alas for skepticism, there are proofs to show that over a hundred years ago several of the inhabitants of Castleton lived and worked under an enchantment. One was a pewterer, one a carpenter, another was a weaver, and another a carpet maker. Thomas Royal Dakes' lovely carved pulpit can still be seen in the village church; Zeruah Guernsey's carpet is in the Metropolitan Museum—and there is a blue cat in it!

For the restless age of twelve and thirteen, when names first heard in the read-aloud-to days still pall and everything about them seems to be known by heart, there are two able refutations to such arguments. Few tasks are harder than the rewriting of biblical stories; the realm of miracle and revelation, the need of a context greater than many children grasp, too often lead to omission and over-simplification. But Moses and Saint Paul in the books by Katherine B. Shippen (*Moses. Harper.* $2.50) and Mary Fabyan Windeatt (*The Man on Fire. Grail.* $2.50) are plausible, detailed, and always interesting. Ancient history, ancient geography, ancient expressions of thought and action become familiar because the lives of these two men epitomized so much of them—while, above the summary, gleams their inspiration and the cost and glory of their faith.

★

FOR girls enduring the bitter sweetness of glamorous dreams, there is a biography (*Golden Footlights. Phyllis Wynn Jackson. Holiday.* $3.00) offering unusual indulgence and correction. Lotta Crabtree was a national habit for a generation of Americans and her life was one of the more admirable success stories. No history of California's brash days of gold is complete without her; no record of American taste in the second half of the 1800's can ignore her influence. She created a type of actress which is still beguiling; she was as beloved after her long retirement as during the years she brought gaiety and cheer to hundreds of thousands. As a woman she was a model of simpleness, kindness, good will, and generosity, and when she died she left her four millions for good works. In *Golden Footlights* Phyllis Wynn Jackson gives a lustrous account of both Lotta and her country. The indulgence it affords to dreamy youth is the conflict between a conventional mother and a stage-bound daughter and in the degree of the happy achievement. The correction grows out of the toil, the constant maternal supervision, and the undisputable talent.

Jean Gould's *Young Thack* (*Houghton.* $2.75) is an enviable initiation for young people who cannot live without books, into literary London a hundred years ago, into Weimar under Karl Friedrich, into pioneer days in the Bohemia of Paris, and even that glittering, exhausting Eldorado of foreign writers, the American

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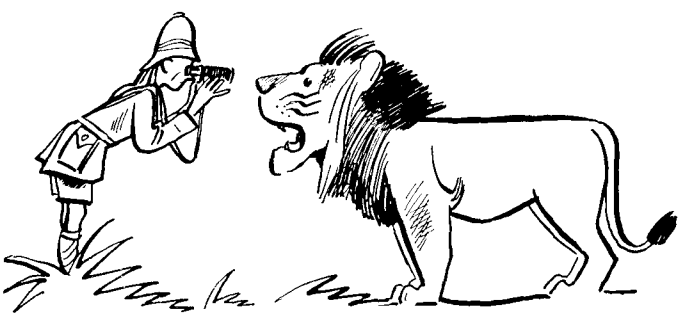
lecture platform. It has no intention of being a critical biography either of the man or his work but, because it is never under-written, because, like *Golden Footlights* it respects the youthful intelligence, each incident, character, and idea produces fresh understanding and appreciation. Thackeray at Charterhouse is sociable, likes sweets and adventure stories, and learns to use his fists to the life-long detriment of his nose; Thackeray at Cambridge is foppish, continues to sketch, is tempted by gambling, meets men of finer stature, and remains uncertain what he wants to be; Thackeray in Paris and London confronts personal adversity and attains professional success with good spirit and the steadfast practice of his talent. Just enough is made of his books to invite new readers and just enough mention is given to people and things he knew, Goethe, Vauxhall Gardens, Fanny Kemble, John Leech, bouillabaisse, Edward Fitzgerald, "Fraser's", "Frascati's" to bait a lively curiosity.

There is a passage in *Young Thack* where Thackeray remarks to two of his friends at the university that although he sees people doing things better than he could do them his good opinion of himself is by no means lowered. Kemble laughingly calls him conceited but the more thoughtful Fitzgerald says Thackeray is talking about the greatness La Rochefoucauld described as the value each man sets upon himself. It is this distinction which these biographies make plain.

A great part of the attraction these lives exert is that their values were worth any risk, weakness of character, censure, failure, and for some, death. Moses and St. Paul were doubting men until they understood their own value. Ethan Allen was bold, resourceful, and undisciplined, and thereby missed the finish of the fight he helped to start. The craftsmen of Castleton were beautifully self-contained. Lotta realized from childhood exactly what her gift and personality were worth but Thackeray floundered until necessity and circumstance became inescapable challenges. Young thoughts and fancies can take fewer less tiresome excursions than to the regions of such endowment and achievement.



"Laughing Matter," Scribner's

Children's Books

Pre-school

Primitivo. Written and illustrated by Gloria Hoffman. Dutton. $2.50.

GLORIA HOFFMAN, a professional photographer who has done work for *Look, Today's Woman* and other popular magazines, went down to Mexico for a holiday, with, she says, absolutely no intention of working. One day a bright-eyed little Mexican boy knocked at her door to ask for work. Immediately Miss Hoffman grew anxious to photograph him. That ended her camera-less vacation. The little boy is the Primitivo of this volume. Miss Hoffman has written a simple little story to go along with her camera studies. She chose to take no chances and centers the slight tale around Primitivo and his sick dog—sure fire stuff for all but the most disgustingly sophisticated youngsters. The Mexican background—that most photogenic of all lands—lends a special charm to the least impressive of her thirty-four only slightly better-than-average pictures.

Susie the Cat. Tony Palazzo. Viking. $2.50.

REALLY first rate drawings of Susie, a cat who is hard to please indeed. A very good job for the one-sentence-at-a-time set of listeners and readers.

The Happy Day. Ruth Krauss. Pictures by Marc Simont. Harper. $1.50.

IT WILL be a happy day when this one arrives at the home with very young children. The text is the kind of repetitious, cumulative phrasing that three-year-olds love. Marc Simont has illustrated it with the kind of pictures that even their parents won't grow weary of looking at.

The Twelve Days of Christmas. Honka Karasz. Harper. $1.50.

VERY beautiful drawings by an illustrator well-known for her *New Yorker* covers. The text is taken from an old Christmas song. "On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent me eight maids amilking, seven swans aswimming, six geese alaying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree." And they are all there to be seen on the next page, amilking, aswimming, alaying and acalling.

Two Little Trains. Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Scott. $1.50.

WONDERFUL drawings and a rhythhical, utterly simple narrative. For the *very* young.

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Poppet. Margot Austin. Dutton. $1.25.

TIRED parents who are able to keep characters named Poppet, Putter and Puttle straight will probably enjoy both excellent story and drawings. Certainly the very young children will.

Cocolo Comes to America. Bettina. Harper. $2.50.

HERE is one that proves it sometimes pays to be an ass. Cocolo is a little donkey who is brought to the U. S. by Lucio, a penniless fisherman's son from "Port Town," where "many houses had been destroyed by bombs and many people had lost their homes and their shops." Lucio's parents receive three steamship tickets for the family but decide that since little Lucio would not be willing to leave his darling donkey (though he would apparently not be averse to leaving his loving parents) the boy and the donkey should go, while they sweat it out in Port Town.

The two arrive in New York after an interesting voyage on something like the *Ile-de-France* (according to the illustrations, at least second-class), and . . . well, have you ever landed in New York with a donkey and tried to hire taxis or find a hotel room?

Horatio Alger comes true for both the boy and the beast. Eventually a wife is found for Cocolo, a beautiful white lady-donkey named Carmen. And if they ever have any children, let's hope they turn out to be wiser parents than little Lucio's papa and mama, who are left languishing in Port Town when they might be enjoying the high life in the States.

The illustrations by the author are good.

Read Me Another Story. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Crowell. $2.00.

THE Child Study Association of America's reply to that perennial cry is a collection of very simple and well done stories and poems.

Song of the Swallows. Leo Politi. Scribner's. $2.00.

THIS is a remarkable book. It is a very gentle telling of a simple story. Juan, a small boy who lives in Capistrano sees the departure of the swallows in the fall, and builds his own garden so that in the spring some of the swallows will make their nests near his home. The text has a calm beauty that puts it a good distance above even the cleverest (in the contrived cleverness peculiar to these books) of other children's stories.

But the pictures are what make this a really fine book. The author has illustrated it in a magnificently appropriate manner.

Foxie. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $2.00.

A FAIRLY good picture-book about a little dog who gets lost, becomes a performing dog and is finally restored to his master.

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Great-grandfather in the Honey Tree. Sam and Zoa Swayne. Viking. $2.00.

THIS is said to be a tall tale handed down from the authors' grandfather, and it is genuinely a wonderful one, about grandfather's hunting expedition in the wilderness of Southern Indiana. It is very simply told, and preserves an authentic flavor that is (to use the publisher's racy phrase) as American as apple pie.

Gilert, the Gay Poodle. Augusta and Henry Billings. Viking. $1.50.

ABOUT an untidy poodle who empties his bank of all his savings and runs away to win a radio contest. Nothing very special.

Henry Fisherman. Marcia Brown. Scribner's $2.00.

THE publishers have generously used five colors for Miss Brown's sketched-on-the-scene illustrations of life on St. Thomas Island in the Caribbean area. To go with her lively, poster-like drawings, the author has written a text about a little island boy's first experiences as a fisherman. The publishers claim that in both text and drawings, Miss Brown has caught the real spirit of the island. There is no reason to doubt it. Must be a lovely place.

900 Buckets of Paint. Edna Becker. Illustrated by Margaret Bradfield. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.50.

GOOD illustrations, but the text is pretty unsatisfactory even for the three-year olds.

Early Grades

Rodeo. Glen Rounds. Holiday House. $2.25.

A LOT of information on rodeos and the cowboys who make them, written in what the jacket calls "leathery Western prose." There are plenty of excellent drawings, and heavy jokes. There is authentic stuff here, but it's still no Will James.

Sand in Her Shoes. Mildred Lawrence. Harcourt. $2.25.

THIS is a good book to read by the fireplace or the radiator, all about the lure of Florida sands, and how the spell of watching sandpipers and collecting shells gets into a body's bones. Too many people think of the State of Florida as playground merely, and as land of better oranges, and bits and pieces of Spanish history. Miss Lawrence has told the story of two children whose father goes south to run a weekly newspaper, and who discover an attractive part of the United States (hurricanes notwithstanding, events in fact to try the endurance and courage of human beings), as an all-year round place to live. The more these regional stories are told the richer the next generation will feel. Madye Lee Chastain has done well in her decorations.

Jack and Jill Story Book. Edited by Ada Campbell Rose. Winston. $2.50.

A FAT collection of stories, poems, riddles and childish humor from the pages of the ten-year-old *Jack and Jill Magazine.* The magazine appeals to youngsters from six to ten. The pieces here assembled were chosen on the basis of reader-popularity at the time of their original publication.

Horses, Horses, Horses. Edited by Phyllis R. Fenner. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. Watts. $2.50.

AN ANTHOLOGY of good stories for any boy or girl who is crazy about horses. If you encourage them with this book, though, you will undoubtedly sooner or later have to face the demand for the real article.

The Green Ginger Jar. Clara Ingram Judson. Houghton. $2.50.

THIS is a mystery and adventure story, with a chase all over Chicago, mixing up Chinese boys and girls from Chicago's Chinatown and its special calendar of Chinese events with the life of a western city. Ah-Mei has given away a ginger jar and only learned afterwards that it is a key piece to the Chen family fortunes and she and her brother must recover it. "Now we are getting somewhere," said one young reader, "you don't have to go to China to find Chinese. They're everywhere, bringing their things with them. Just like us."

The Treasure of Li Po. Alice Ritchie. Harcourt. $2.00.

"ORIGINAL Fairy Tales of Old China"—so the jacket describes these enchanting stories that have the fragrance and the earthy smell of China itself. But whether some of the tales are merely retellings of century-old tales, or designed out of knowledge of the Chinese people and saturated with the old patterns, one can hardly tell. The humor and the value given to individual character distinguish the book.

More Danish Tales. Mary C. Hatch. Harcourt. $2.50.

EDGUN illustrated these stories and himself roughly translated them from Svend Grundtvig's classic folk tales; and Mary Hatch has put them into excellent read-aloud shape. There is humor and magic and there are surprising twists about the Tree of Health, and the six sons who were turned into stars, and such flowing dialogue that all the tales stick delightfully fast in memory.

The Santa Claus Book. Irene Smith. Watts. $2.50.

SOME years ago, as a children's librarian, the author learned that come the holiday season youngsters can't seem to get enough of Santa Claus. Year after year they pressed for more stories, poems, jingles and legends, however well stocked the shelves were. Miss Smith, finally fulfilling an old ambition, has brought together an anthology of thirty selections, each of which is exclusively

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and lovingly centered around the old boy himself. There are familiar pieces like "The Night Before Christmas" and the 1897 editorial in the New York *Sun* answering little Virginia who wrote to the newspaper and asked if there really was a Santa Claus, plus an uneven selection of many lesser known.

Laughing Matter. Edited by Helen R. Smith. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Scribner's. $2.50.

A HUMOROUS anthology of stories and verse including the Grimms, Kipling, Lewis Carroll, Carolyn Wells, and Winnie the Pooh. The line drawings are fine.

Middle Grades

A Pet Book for Boys and Girls. Alfred Morgan. Scribner's. $2.75.

COVERS the care and maintenance of dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, golden hamsters, skunks, raccoons, squirrels, moles and mice, chameleons, tortoises and turtles, alligators, goldfish, tropical fish, canaries, parrots and wild birds. Full of interesting tidbits for the growing boy: "Twice a day, early in the morning and again, late in the afternoon, is often enough to feed mice. They should not be overfed and the quantity of food supplied should not be more than they will eat in an hour." Again: "When a skunk faces you there is no immediate danger that it will anoint you with its perfume. It is only when it turns its rear toward you, raises its tail and cocks its eye over its shoulder to take aim that your friends are going to shun you."

Growing girls who manifest much interest, in the reviewer's opinion, should be tactfully but definitely discouraged.

Greek Myths. Olivia Coolidge. Houghton: $2.75.

THE language of myth is most often poetry and endures beyond all the scientific explanation of why the winds blow and where the sun goes when it sets. It is wrong not to found every English-speaking child in knowledge of the old Greek myths, that reappear so often in all our literature, and whose images are still to be found in spring forests and along the sea and rocks, and whose joyful and tragic patterns endure to this day in human experience.

George Washington. Genevieve Foster. Scribner's. $2.

MISS FOSTER'S biography for older boys and girls is well established, but one is hard put to be sure that she has really boiled down, or picked quite the right bits for a child's first introduction to the father of his country. For children eight or nine, or anybody of any age, it is good to read again of the youngster George's copying out the simple rule of mannerly behavior: "If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh or Yawn, do it not Loud but privately. Sleep not when others speak, Sit not when

WE RATHER WONDER

what we are doing in this issue of the Commonweal: we haven't published a single new children's book this year: we've been too busy. But the following list have the advantage of being established favorites—we know children like them—a far safer bet than taking a grownup's word for it.

Six to Ten

SIXTY SAINTS FOR BOYS ($3) by **Joan Windham** is guaranteed to make small boys (and their sisters) very happy. All sixty saints are men, most have names you are likely to find on the list of people to whom you are giving presents. If you want your men and women mixed, get the same author's **MORE SAINTS FOR SIX O'CLOCK** ($1.75) and **NEW SIX O'CLOCK SAINTS** ($1.75). **GOSPEL RHYMES** ($1.50) by Various Authors consists of simple but never silly verses on Gospel incidents: the book is designed and illustrated by **Jeanyee Wong.** This and **Joan Windham's** books are almost standard equipment in Catholic homes.

LEGENDS OF THE CHRIST CHILD ($1.50) by **Frances Margaret Fox.** The author makes it clear that these are *not* Gospel stories, but some of the wonderful tales people made up about Our Lord when He was a child, just because there was so little about it in the Gospels.

Eight to Twelve

POLISH FOLK TALES ($2), translated by **Lucia Borski.** As amusing as fairy tales, as Catholic as holy water.

CAT ROYAL ($2) by **Charles Brady.** The terrible journey of the Kings of the Cats to Bethlehem, where they went to adore the Christ child and incidentally gave him a kitten.

TWELVE TALES OF ST. IMAGINUS ($1.50) by **Frances McGuire.** The adventures of an imaginary saint to whom Everything happened.

Ten to Fourteen

Is there a **Mary Fabyan Windeatt** fan in your family? She has a dozen or so books to her credit and children who get one want all the rest, making present-giving fairly simple for some time. The following are all good ones to start on: **WARRIOR IN WHITE** ($1.75) on Blessed John Masias; **SONG IN THE SOUTH** ($2) on St. Francis Solano; **SAINTS IN THE SKY** ($1.25) on St. Catherine of Siena; and **HERO OF THE HILLS** ($1.75) on St. Benedict.

A LIFE OF OUR LORD FOR CHILDREN ($2) by **Marigold Hunt** has been reprinted: good news if you are looking for a life of Christ for this age group: the author wrote it because she couldn't get one in any less laborious way.

Fourteen up

The Knox **LATIN-ENGLISH MISSAL,** naturally.

Ask to see any of these books at your bookseller's: if he hasn't got them, he can get them from us: all are in stock.

The Christmas Trumpet is ready: if you want suggestions for books for grownups, be sure you get your copy. **Lucy MacGill** will send it to you free on request.

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Told and illustrated by MARCIA BROWN. The day-to-day adventures of a small boy in the Virgin Islands. Lavish five-color illustrations do this colorful land justice. *Ages 5-8.* $2.00

DOGS OF DESTINY

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY and PAUL BROWN. A companion volume to *Horses of Destiny,* this book tells the story of over 50 famous dogs and is illustrated by Paul Brown's spirited drawings. *Age 10 and over.* $2.50

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others stand. Labor to keep alive in your Breast that Little Spark of Celestial Fire called Conscience." Recommended.

Something Old, Something New. Dorothy Canfield. Scott. $2.50.

HERE are nine stories on historical and patriotic themes. Their greatest appeal would probably be for girls somewhere around ten to twelve.

Ten American Cities. Nina Brown Baker. Harcourt. $2.50.

THERE is always a liveliness, a feeling for today and tomorrow, in all of Nina Brown Baker's handling of historical material for young people. What the author has done here is pick out ten American cities (Washington and New York not among them) and sketched their separate histories and characteristics with dramatic anecdote, adding to each chapter a short bibliography of other books for those who want to know more. She crams in information without seeming to cram at all. Each city's problems and legends; Chicago's great fire and World's Fair; Brooklyn's Dodgers and Coney Island and Eighth Wonder of the World, the horse ferry; Dallas and the French followers of Fourier; Boston and its traffic problem, and its trade; Seattle and San Francisco and Salt Lake City are all vividly portrayed.

The Bright Design. Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated by Charles Daugherty. Viking. $3.50.

THE author, in a nice easygoing narrative style, tells the story of electrical energy and the men who through the ages revealed its secrets. She begins by talking about Peter Peregrinus, a 12th century shepherd, whose interest in the lodestone led him to invent a compass, and she ends by talking about atomic research and the future of physics. "Now the physicists must seek to understand the movements of the atoms of which the stars are made. Their laboratory now extends out into space, beyond the milky way." The pages between are studded with names like those of André Marie Ampère, Charles Steinmetz, J. J. Thompson and Arthur Holly Compton. Miss Shippen doesn't seem to have missed much in this science-made-interesting outline.

Older boys and girls about to begin the first bewildering lessons in physics will find this book easy reading and highly profitable. It will give them the total picture they'll need before they're likely to have any enthusiasm for going into details.

Make It and Make It Pay. Catherine Roberts. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

"IT IS *fun* to add extra money to your bank account," says the author, and who will disagree? Here she tells boys and girls, age 12 and up, how to build a garden house, tool shed, brick wall or terrace, a

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dam, a tots' wading puddle, or a fish pool. For those with timid parents, she has added directions for making leather gloves, doll house furniture and cane seats. That covers the "Make It" half. For the "Make It Pay" section she has thoughtfully added a chapter enlightening the ambitious youngster on how to arrange interviews with buyers, set prices, plan deliveries and submit invoices. Recommended for arts-and-crafts enthusiasts who don't object to a dash of old-fashioned capitalism.

It's Easy to Make Music. Joseph Leeming. Watts. $3.00.

THIS is a simple and reasonable method for self-teaching the playing of dozens of instruments, from the piano, the recorder, the ukulele down to and including the comb kazoo. Not for those with concert aspirations.

Look Out for the Ostriches. Jan Juta. Knopf. $2.50.

A NATIVE of Capetown tells the story of his boyhood in South Africa. The book is richly descriptive, detailing the lush variety of flora and fauna Juta found near his home and recalling early adventurous brushes with angry ostriches and mysterious, deadly serpents. Young Jan was gifted with the kind of poetic curiosity nature demands; now, as a successful artist living in New Jersey, he has the kind of quiet literary talent that lifts this book high above the mine-run of "nature" stories. Older boys and girls whose imaginations have already been stirred by their natural surroundings will enjoy the exotic flavor of *Look Out for the Ostriches;* kids hemmed in by steel and stone stand in daily, positive need of it, or another book like it.

The Boys Complete Book of Fresh and Salt Water Fishing. Oliver H. P. Rodman and Edward C. Janes. Little, Brown. $3.50.

THIS book is dedicated to Better Fishing, Inc., a non-profit organization which "aims at a better, healthier, happier and 'fishing-er' America." The authors are enthusiastic fishermen themselves and here offer a conscientious manual for boys of all ages and all degrees of fishing skill. In his preface Oliver Rodman says: "There are few fishermen in jail. There are millions whose lives are richer, happier and fuller because of their interest in and love of fishing. It's a he-man game." The book apparently aims at getting them while they're still young; surely it represents a labor of love.

Make It and Ride It. C. J. Maginley. Harcourt. $2.00.

RATHER complicated instructions for making a variety of the carts, racers and other pieces of mobile equipment so essential to boyhood. The book would be a big help to a boy who had access to a range of tools and materials. Otherwise, while it would be a useful reference volume, the matter comes down to what it has always been down to: amazing improvisation.

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Other books by the same author are: THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA, $2.00; THE PARISH PRIEST OF ARS, $2.00. DAVID AND HIS SONGS, King David and the Psalms, $2.00.

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A SERIES of adventure stories about (respectively) young Cornish, German, Chinese, Norwegian, Swiss and Dutch boys and girls coming to America and becoming successful pioneers in (again respectively) Maine, Pennsylvania, the Pacific Coast, Wisconsin, Oregon and New York. The books are moderately well written and things always work out excitingly in a patriotic sort of way.

Books

India, Pakistan, and the West! Percival Spear. Oxford. $2.00.

THIS little book of some 200 pages is part of the informative Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, but it is much more than an easy survey of the problems of the Indian peninsula. In fact, it is a study of the contrasts and conflicts between two antagonistic civilizations. In China and in the Arabian countries we find similar problems, but essentially less severe ones than in India. In touring the world, this reviewer felt nowhere as far away from the Occident as he did in India. This discrepancy between two civilizations explains why the cultural tensions are strongest in India. To the British author of this stimulating volume the battle for India's soul is far more vital than the struggle for Indian government, and this insight gives unusual depth to his book.

It is Mr. Spear's conviction that a synthesis of their own traditions with the new ideals from the West is easier for the Moslems than for the Hindus. He gives a profound presentation of the difficult inner conflicts between Hindu philosophy and the ways of the Occident. He does not know how this conflict may be solved, whether Hinduism may save its soul at the cost of worldly success, whether Hinduism will be secularized or, whether an unexpected creative combination of Hindu and Western elements will be able to bring forth a new Indian civilization.

The thinking of the author pierces deeply under the surface and one cannot help but be impressed by the penetrating analysis of this study which presents itself in such a modest form.

MAX FISCHER.

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Christina Rossetti: A Portrait with Background. Marya Zaturenska. Macmillan. $4.00.

IT IS AMUSING to look back at all the colorful strutting males and languid luscious females of the Pre-Raphaelite circle and to realize that the greatest poet among them was a little bug-eyed woman dressed in black, who usually sat in a corner by herself at their ornate gatherings. If her brother Dante Gabriel resembled the peacock that he kept in his backyard at 16 Cheyne Walk, then one might liken Christina Rossetti to the wombat—small, furry, timid, but unquestionably exotic—that also formed part of his menagerie. A portrait of Christina cannot help but stand out against so contrasting a background; unfortunately, a portrait is not quite the same thing as a biography, as Miss Zaturenska almost certainly discovered before her book was finished.

The outward events of Christina's life are insufficient for a full-length biography; spent almost entirely in a family circle that narrowed as her two brothers moved away and the other members died, its high points were two ill-fated love affairs. Both followed a very similar pattern. Having fallen deeply in love with a timid creature who adored her, Christina would suddenly realize that her chosen one followed the wrong religion—or none at all—and renounce him with an anguish only equalled by his own. At twenty she gave up Collinson, poet and painter, because he was a Catholic; in her thirties she refused to marry the scholar Cayley because he was an agnostic, though continuing to see him as a friend while his life lasted. It would be a mistake to regard her as cold; she may even have been tempted to run away with Collinson after his marriage, a step said to have been thwarted by her saintly sister. If this story has any truth in it at all, one need look no further for the source of her longest and best-known poem, "Goblin Market," a technical tour-de-force, in which Laura is saved from the consequences of eating (unmetaphorical) forbidden fruit by her devoted sister Lizzie.

The rest of Christina's life can be studied only in her own writings, for it concerns her relationships with God and with her art. Even those few human beings whom she continued to love—her mother above all, of course—definitely came third to these, though it troubled her conscience that this should be so. In short, nobody has been able to write about Christina without calling her an Anglican saint. In her later years she wrote much devotional prose, and could only allow herself to continue writing the poetry that gave her so much pleasure and solace by dedicating it too to God. "Art for art's sake" was heresy to her, yet no pagan poet of her time equalled her in subtlety of technique or comparative freedom from sentimentality. Her religion forbade the self-pity that vitiates so much late nineteenth-century poetry.

★

MISS ZATURENSKA, herself a poet, lets Christina speak copiously for herself in verse and prose, but is forced into many entertaining digressions in order to fill a volume. The best bit of straight biography in

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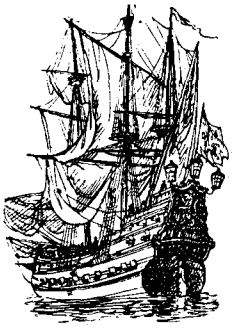

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the book is her account of Dante Gabriel's long, tragic love affair with Elizabeth Siddal, his model, who created the Pre-Raphaelite type of feminine beauty, became his wife after ten years of chaste companionship, and committed suicide two years later because of her ill-health and his infidelities.

Since Miss Zaturenska *is* a poet, and by the justice and inspiration of her criticism has impelled at least one reviewer to read every shimmering word of Christina's 1890 volume of collected "oems"—450 pages—one regrets that she did not devote a chapter to shop-talk about Christina's technical virtuosity and her place in an English poetic tradition that includes Wyatt, Thomas, Campion, and—from another point of view—George Herbert. There's plenty to talk about. Put these three lines

> Young love lies sleeping
> In May-time of the year,
> Among the lilies,

alongside any three lines by Swinburne, and you have a text for a whole sermon on the decline and fall of English prosody and the origin and spread of the tin ear.

One final word to Messrs. Macmillan—there ought to be a law against publishing books on the Pre-Raphaelites without illustrations. They are a group who should be seen and not heard—Christina always excepted. Thanks anyway for the lovely early study of her by Dante Gabriel on your dust-jacket. VIVIAN MERCIER

The Weight of Glory and Other Addresses. C. S. Lewis. Macmillan. $1.25.

THIS SHORT book of five addresses is most welcome. Mr. Lewis writes well—that is a pleasure. He is not without a sense of humor—most delightful. And lastly he has something to say—and that is rare indeed. People are wont to sneer at the popular moralist or theologian, but the Christian message has never sought seclusion. Mr. Lewis speaks out with sagacity and purpose and though at times one may quibble with doctrine, on the whole his arrow flies straight to the mark.

The third address, "Membership," has much to say about the individual and the collective, as well as equality, and should be of more than casual interest today. The last talk is especially to be recommended. It concerns our constant quest to be in the "Inner Ring," to be in the select group, the people who know, the people who count. To be a this or that because of its prestige and not because of the craft or its intrinsic value.

FREDERICK GOODE

The Life of Audubon. Clyde Fisher. Harper. $2.50.

SOMETIMES you find a man who is interested in birds, animals, nature, etc., and his heart is breaking because his son passes up the bird trips in order to stay home and work on a home-made radio so he can get Red Skelton without having to come down to the living room.

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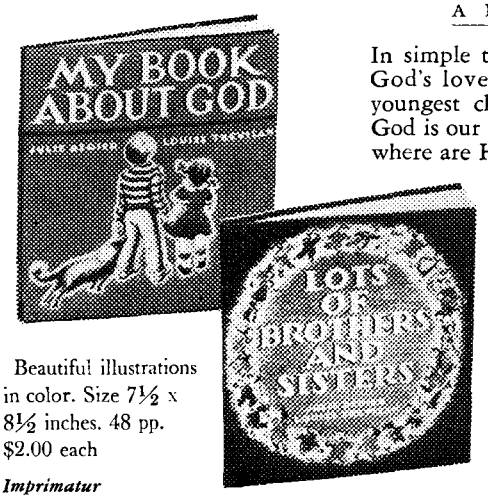

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J. C. C.

Mozart. Eric Blom. "The Master Musicians." Pellegrini & Cudahy. $2.50.

THE GENERAL EDITOR of the sound and very neat "Master Musician" series of music biographies has himself written a new edition, or a new work, on the greatest and most fascinating prodigy of them all. About half is a personal, but cool and non-romanticizing, biography, while half is a more analytic study of the music. The evident intelligence and learning and self-restraint of the author create confidence, although the objective and non-speculative presentation of Mozart and his music raises questions and develops a wonder which the book does not purpose to answer.

P. B.

American Heartwood. Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

MR. PEATTIE, who has written rather engrossingly about nature in America, and occasionally with attraction about specialties in American history, herewith offers a very allegorical and essayish mixture, in throaty style. Neither the personages nor trees nor readers are likely to feel comfortable.

• REVIEWERS •

Florence CODMAN has been a publisher of books in New York and a contributor of literary criticism to several periodicals.

Max FISCHER, a journalist who writes for the German language press in New York City, is this term teaching a course in Medieval Literature at the New School.

Vivian MERCIER teaches English Literature at Columbia University and at the College of the City of New York.

Frederick W. GOODE is a Princeton graduate who has taught Religion and History at St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

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